To lay our ſervice freely at your feet.
King. Thanks *Roſencraus* and gentle *Guildenſtern*.
Que. Thanks *Guildenſtern*, and gentle *Roſencraus*.
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſonne: goe ſome of you
And bring theſe Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guil. Heavens make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpfull to him.
Queen. Amen. *Exeunt Roſ. and Guil.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Embaſſadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou ſtil haſt bin the Father of good newes.
Pol. Have I my Lord? I aſſure my good Liege
I hold my duty as I hold my ſoule,
Both to my God and to my gracious King:
And I doe thinke, or elſe this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie ſo ſure
As it hath us'd to doe, that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlets* lunacie.
King. O ſpeake of that, that doe I long to heare.
Pol. Give firſt admittance to the Embaſſadors,
My newes ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt.
King. Thy ſelfe doe grace to them, & bring them in.
He tels me, my deare *Gertrud*, he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſonnes diſtemper.
Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our haſtie marriage.

Enter Embaſſadors.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him: welcome my good friends;
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?
Vol. Moſt faire returne of greetings and deſires:
Upon our firſt he ſent out to ſuppreſſe
His Nephewes levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſſe; whereat griev'd
That ſo his ſickneſſe, age, and impotence

Was